The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13.

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For the Myrtle.

The Bird's Jubilee.

CHAPTER III.

THE air was filled with cheerful sounds
Of moving wings and feet,
As they lightly, swiftly moved about
To the tones of music sweet.

In all the pleasant wild-wood,
Among all the feathery millions,
No birds can match our warblers bright
For dancing gay cotillions.

The Grasshoppers and Dragon flies
Would try a graceful waltz;
While the merry Cricket, chirping, cried
Their steps were without faults.

The Butterflies were scattered round
On many a downy thistle;
The Bees were not alarmed to hear
The saucy King bird's whistle.

Beneath a mushroom's pointed roof,
So very cool and shady,
Some Ants were busy chatting there
With a Beetle and his lady.

Within a brake leaf's pleasant shade,
Sat some Ladybugs quite cosy;
Taking a quiet nap, I know,
They were so very dozy.

A gay Bob-lincoln sat upon
The branch of a tall oak;
He whistled, turned himself around,
He nodded, then he spoke.

"How d'ye do, good neighbor Squirrel?
You are at home I see;
Well, I won't touch your acorns,
And I hope you won't hurt me.

But your dark eyes look roguish,
And should you throw upon my head
A nut from your green house-top,
I would surely fall down dead.

It makes me feel quite nervous,
I don't like your whiskered face!
I think your coat-tail quite too long,
I must find some other place."

So Bob chose a bright-leafed maple
Beside a chattering Thrush;
And said he to him, "you must excuse,
If I beg of you to hush.

I wish the company to know
This is the hour to dine;

So we'll step along, just help ourselves,
And have a social time."

When all these little creatures
Drew together to the feast,
A merrier troop was never seen
From the largest to the least.

They were not rude or quarrelsome,
The kindest acts and words
Were passing round among this band
Of gay insects and bright birds.

The Wood Pigeon was so polite,
She shared her head of wheat
With any of her little friends
Who fancied it to eat.

The Kingfisher had caught and carved
The nicest little fish;
He gave one clear and cheerful trill,
Then passed around his dish.

The Linnet said she'd recommend
Her tiny seeds of millet;
They were better far than all the stews
E'er cooked in pan or skillet.

Gold Robin said, his rich green peas
Were very nice and sweet;
He thought these vegetables were
Better than fish or meat.

Jenny Redbreast cut a cherry pie;
She said she knew 'twas nice;
She made it, and she hoped her friends
Would please to take a slice.

The King birds were much pleased to hear
The Honey Bees declare,
Although they were such thievish rogues,
They might their honey share.

The Humming-birds and Humble Bees
Were just the best of neighbors;
The birds were sending round bouquets,
The Bees would share their labors.

The Butterflies and Dragon-flies
Held quite a social chat;
Each praised the others' splendid wings,
Admired this hue and that.

The Grasshoppers then told the Ants
As they all dined together,
"They would not give their long, spry legs
For wings of brightest feather."

The Crickets said, "Our bite we'll share
With any gossips here;
This dinner party suits our taste,
There is so much good cheer."

The Beetles and the Lady-bugs
Took their tit-bit together;
They talked of the last style for coats,
And then discussed the weather.

There were many little lookers on
At this gay woodland scene:
The Squirrels with their large, bold eyes
Peeped from their leafy screen.

The Tree-Toad, with his rough, hoarse voice,
Inquired what they were eating:
And wondered that those folks with wings
Didn't ask him to the meeting.

And soon the clear, sweet air
With one grand chorus rung;
As Birds and Insects, Toads and Frogs
Their song of parting sung.

And then the buzz and hum
Of voices passed around,
As they told the joyous sport they had,
And the pleasure all had found.

They warbled forth kind wishes,
And trusted they should meet
Another year in that bright spot,
Dear Summer's favorite seat.

And now this merry company
Went gaily homeward bound,
And long the glade and wildwood rang
With merry music's sound.

Each face was bright, each heart was light,
No unkind looks or words
Had passed among these woodland friends,
At the Picnic of the Birds.

Fanny Firefly.

For the Myrtle.

Out-door and In-door Play.

OUR garden, in which but few flowers grew, was to me a constant source of delight. In it I planted flower seeds at all seasons of the year, which never came to anything, spite of the drenchings I gave them with a little watering-pot of my own, and my constant diggings to find out what the seeds were changing to. A long rope tied to the elder tree and the lilac, afforded me an excellent swing. A packing-case, in which I had hung some pictures and could manage to squeeze a high stool, a little chair, and myself, was my arbor or study. One of the side beds I used to call the Park, and making little arches with stones and shells, pretended that these were gateways to carriage drives. Pieces of looking-glass represented lakes and fountains, and little china figures stone statues. Summer houses were formed of bent branches, and the Park was filled with horses, cows, pigs, elephants, camels and deer belonging to my Noah's ark. Birds and reptiles were also produced from the same repository, and I would imagine myself an admiring visitor conversing with the owner of the domain and make the suitable replies.

When for several days together I had played all alone, a longing would steal upon me for some one to play with, and I would ask that Annie and Lizzie Yolland might come and have tea with me.

When my request was granted, I used to run to Mrs. Yolland's house to ask her permission, and succeeding here also, I would after my return home, break into a joyous song of "Annie's coming to tea-ea-ea!" "Annie's coming to tea-ea-ea!" And my father would make a duet of it with loud variation on the "tea-ea-ea."

Children always liked my father because he was so full of fun with them. When Annie and Lizzie came, he would usually say,

"Well, Annie! well, Miss Lizzie Frizzle! how was Grandfather Tuffy when you last saw him?"

Then Annie would giggle and say,

"Not Tuffy, sir, Tuffield."

"Ah, to be sure, what a memory I have! Grandfather Toffy."

"No sir, Tuffield; he's coming to see us soon."

"I suppose that Lizzie Frizzle is not very partial to Grandpa Taffy."

"Oh yes I am, he always brings me cakes and oranges."

Whereupon my father, with the queerest grimace ever seen and with the strangest voice ever heard, would say,

"Now I know that Miss Lizzie Frizzle is one very charming young damsel, with a very pretty little mouth for cakes and oranges."

Which observation, as Lizzie had rather a large mouth when she laughed, made her blush and run away into the garden, when we soon followed her.

In connection with Grandfather Tuffield, I here recall the delight with which Lizzie when a very little girl once ran up to me in the street, grinning till every tooth was visible and saying,

"Oh, what do you think? What *do* you think?"

With a smile of sympathy in her joys, I asked,

"What has happened?"

"Why, Grandpa Tuffield is so dreadfully ill that they think he can't live another week."

It appeared that Lizzie, who fondly loved her grandfather, had no realizing sense of death, but a very powerful idea of the pomp and ceremony attendant upon a funeral, and she had long desired to behold one.

How fond we were of playing at doctors, and burying! On one occasion the whole of the soft part of a new loaf was devoted to the making of pills, which not curing me, a cavity was dug in the garden in which I was placed; but just as a shovelful of earth was being sprinkled over me, falling into my eyes and mouth, and the words, "dust to dust, earth to earth, ashes to ashes" was being uttered, my mother ran to rescue me from my critical situation.

Our ordinary out-door play was to place two garden chairs together for an open carriage,—my tall music chair serving for the coachman's seat, and my little oak chair for a horse. Lizzie used to be coachman, and the way she held in that horse with reins of tape, and encouraged him with a cane to which was tied a piece of string was something remarkable! Annie and I with our dolls were the grown-up ladies. We pretended to pass by lakes, mountains, precipices, old castles and palaces, and to meet with all sorts of perilous adventures, and we took it in turns to be the nervous, airish lady, who admired her own dress instead of the scenery and screamed out for smelling salts whenever the horse reared, or the bad-tempered lady, who scolded the coachman, and tapped him with her parasol every minute, and threatened to discharge him.

We also used the garden landing and stone steps to place our toy kitchen things and furniture on, and we had feasts of the Barmecide kind, only ours were more satisfactory to all concerned.

Once when Annie and Lizzie had been permitted to spend the day with me, a letter came which obliged my mother to leave us, to be absent most of the afternoon. After we had had tea from the toy tea-cups that Mrs. Read, a friend of my mother's, had given me with a silvered teapot and small silver teaspoon, we decided not to play in the garden, but in-doors for a change.

"Let us pretend to keep a confectioner's shop," said Lizzie.

"No we can't, because there are not enough sweet things to make believe with."

"Well, then, let us be milliners."

"Yes," added Annie, "and linen drapers, for you know you could get out some old bonnets and hats and shawls, and pins and tapes and all sorts of things, and hang them up with prices ticketed on them."

"Oh yes, that would be splendid, and we could sell toys too."

In an instant I ran up stairs to the bed chambers and tossed out from wardrobes, drawers and bandboxes artificial flowers, feathers, ribbons, parasols, opera cloaks, and shawls, and hastened down stairs with them in great glee. Then I got out the old toys, and hunted in my mother's work table and work-box for buttons, tape and cotton, and found a stick to measure with.

"Where shall I put them all?" asked Annie.

"Oh, I have a capital idea," said I; "we can pretend that the dining-room window is the front and we can pin some of the things to the curtains, and some of them on strings laid across."

We screamed with delight, and set to work. An old parasol was marked, "This lovely parasol a great bargain! only 3 pence!" One of my oldest wax-dolls was marked, "Great Bargain! only 5 guineas!" An opera cloak, white silk lined and trimmed with pink satin, was labelled, "Tremendous sacrifice!! 1 shilling!" and a bunch of old ribbons, "Alarming reduction! the whole lot for 1 penny!" as we had seen elsewhere. In short, the large window looking on the street was covered with articles ticketed for sale. The dining table was arranged as a counter at which we sold each other tapes, cotton and ribbons.

At last we noticed that a number of persons paused in astonishment on beholding such a show in the window of a private house, many of them laughing, and some hesitating as though they were not quite sure whether the whole affair was some joke, or the things were really intended to be sold. At last we were so ashamed at seeing them looking in that we hid behind the curtains, looking very much confused and rather frightened lest any one should think of knocking at the street door with an intention of purchasing. By and by, Sarah came into the room to know what we were doing that was attracting so much notice.

"Well, young ladies,' said she, "I couldn't think what was going on. No wonder the people are coming in crowds to look in. What will your ma say when she comes home to find such a show in the window? Hadn't you better get it all cleared away, miss? I'll help you."

Here was an idea that had not before presented itself to me!

"Whatever will mamma say, Annie? I wish that we — I mean that I — had never done it. I wish that the people would go away so that we might take down everything, though I shall tell mamma all about it."

At this moment going to the window, who should we see coming up the street but my mother accompanied by two ladies, perfect strangers to me.

"Make haste, Annie! make haste, Lizzie! oh, do pray make haste!"

And Annie, springing up at some shawls that were pinned to a lace curtain, made a great rent in it, and at the same time dislodging the parasol caused its cornelian handle to strike against a pane of glass and crack it.

Oh dear! whatever should we do? And in another moment there was my mother, pale with the fear that something dreadful had happened, on seeing such a number of people collected in front of the house. Yet another moment, and she and the ladies who were with her were regarding the dining-room window with the utmost amazement.

When they had been let into the house and the strangers shown into the drawing-room, my mother came into the dining-room and told Sarah to take down everything. After the torn curtain and cracked pane had been silently noted, my mother, turning to me, said,

"So I see that I cannot trust you when you are out of my sight! Put by everything where you found it."

Annie and Lizzie looked down with blushing cheeks, and I began to cry.

That evening, Annie, Lizzie and I parted with one another in a very quiet, shamefaced manner, and I went early to bed in preference to meeting the gaze of the two ladies, who had that evening seen our house for the first time!

Clelia Lega Weeks.

Bobolink.

THROAT brimful of music—
Cannot keep it in;
Bless me! Wouldn't have you try,
'Twould almost be a sin.
Should think 'twould choke you, though, sometimes,
The aperture's so small
That all this noise must struggle through,
Or not get out at all.

Swinging on the lily-cups,
Hiding in the clover,
Prince of comic vocalists,
Saucy little rover—
Give us a gem from Mozart;
A taste of Meyerbeer;
Or a morceau from Rossini,
Fit for cultivated ear.

Cannot? Well, stop trying;
Your own wild notes are best,
Stick to the time you've practised,
Never mind the rest;
Stretch your mouth to the utmost,
Pour forth your pearly song,
Marred by no taint of by-gone grief,
Or shade of future wrong.

For the Myrtle.

How they Celebrated the Fourth.

THE "glorious Fourth" was coming in Belleville, as it comes everywhere in our country, and the people were resolved to celebrate it.

But how? was the next question, for they had celebrated it years before in every possible way they could think of. They would have, of course, the liberty-pole with the flag floating from the top of it, and flags out on nearly all the houses and stores besides; they would have the firing of the cannon at sunrise and noon and night; they would have the brass band and the oration and the dinner in the grove. But all those they had had before. Could they not think of something new to lend an attraction to this Fourth the day had never seen before?

Finally one of the teachers in the school thought of something, but she kept her bright

idea quite still, only telling those of the young people she wished to help her. And on the day of the celebration they carried it out in great glory. This is the way it was:

The people all met at the town hall and formed a procession to march to the grove, the band, the orator and all the notables being first, the notables riding in their carriages.

Now when it was time for these carriages to drive up in front of the town hall, what should appear but a high, open carriage drawn by two horses, the carriage all decorated with flags and streamers and flowers, while in it were seated the teacher and another young lady robed in white and covered with flowers, to represent Liberty and Peace. Liberty was crowned with stars, and Peace with white lilies, and both bore lilies in their hands. In front of the carriage were thirty-three little girls, to represent the thirty-three States. These were all in white with wreaths about their heads and masses of flowers in their hands. And when they headed the procession, their heads looked like the multitudes of angel's heads we see in the old pictures, or like the graces that cluster around the chariot of the sun in the beautiful pictures of the morning.

So that was what headed the long procession to the grove. And everybody was so pleased they put the thirty-three little girls with Peace and Liberty, at the very head of the table and waited on them like little princesses. And afterwards they had raised seats on the platform and when the speech was ended they sang a liberty carol which their teachers had taught them, with great applause.

That is the way they celebrated the Fourth iu Belleville. *H. A. B.*

Boys and girls, are you in the habit of giving your own money to some benevolent object! If not, you make two mistakes.

1. You neglect a duty—that of doing your share to aid some one or more of the plans in operation for making the world better and happier.

2. You make a great mistake in not forming early the habit of giving.

A farmer of moderate means put into the hands of a missionary secretary the other day, a fifty dollar treasury note for Foreign Missions. "How does it happen," he was asked, "that you are willing to give so much for this cause beyond the common standard?" "Oh, I was trained to it when a boy," was the reply.

Little Things.

The flower is small that decks the field,
The bee is small that bends the flower,
But flower and bee alike may yield
Food for a thoughtful hour.

Essence and attributes of each
For ends profound combine;
And all they are, and all they teach,
Springs from the Mind Divine.

Is there who scorneth little things?
As wisely might he scorn to eat
The food that bounteous autumn brings
In little grains of wheat.

Methinks, indeed, that such a one
Few pleasures upon earth will find,
Where well nigh every good is won
From little things combined.

The lark that in the morning air
Amid the sunbeams mounts and sings;
What lifted her so lightly there?
Small feathers in her wings.

What form too, then, the beauteous dyes
With which all nature oft is bright,
Meadows and streams, woods, hills and skies?
—Minutest waves of light.

And when the earth is sere and sad
From summer's over fervid reign,
How is she in fresh beauty clad?
By little drops of rain.

Yea, and the robe that Nature weaves,
Whence does it every robe surpass?
From little flowers, and little leaves,
And little blades of grass.

O sure, who scorneth little things,
If he were not a thoughtless elf,
Far above all that round him springs,
Would scorn his little self.

—*Sunday Book of Poetry.*

For the Myrtle.

To my Associates.

Dear comrades, did you ever see
A drunkard reeling round—
Away from home on a drinking spree,
Oft tumbling to the ground?

That man was once a temperate man,
Had never tasted rum,
But by the use of ardent juice,
See what he has become!

His health and wealth and credit gone,
On earth a living curse;
Now if we follow in that train
It will be so with us.

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow,"
So said an ancient poet;
So drunkards from the wine cup flow,
And every boy should know it.

If wealth and health we would obtain,
And keep our credit up,
"Touch not, taste not" that filthy bane,
The intoxicating cup.

John.

Children's Sunday.

MASSACHUSETTS.

—Children's Sunday was observed at Arlington on the 23d inst. when seventeen of the little ones were christened. The church was beautifully decorated, and appropriate services were engaged in by the Sunday School and the large audience.

—The church in Stoughton was elegantly decorated with flowers, several children were baptized, and a sermon was preached appropriate to the occasion by the pastor, Rev. A. St. John Chambre. An address was given by the superintendent of the Sunday School, H. N. Tucker.

—Children's Sunday was observed in Canton on the 23d inst., and thirteen children were consecrated at the close of the morning service. In the evening the Sunday School gave a Floral Concert. A large audience manifested a deep interest in both services, completely filling the house morning and evening. The display of flowers was highly creditable to the taste of those having that part of the preparation in charge.

—St. Paul's Church at South Adams was finely decorated with plants and flowers, on the 16th inst., and the first service for which the day has been set apart, was held. The most conspicuous emblem wrought with choice flowers was a large cross suspended in front of the pulpit. The sermon by the pastor was to the children, on the "lesson of the flowers," from the text, "consider the lilies of the field." The Sunday School did the singing, and there were seven children baptized at the conclusion of the service.

—At Amesbury the exercises attending Children's Sunday called together a large audience of interested worshippers, and about thirty children received the rite of baptism. The church was finely decorated with wreaths of evergreen from which were suspended baskets of flowers, while in front of the pulpit and organ and upon the window sills were placed flowers in rich abundance. Selections were read and appropriate remarks made by the pastor, and the singing was done by the children of the Sunday School. In the evening a Floral Concert was given by the school, when a large audience again assembled to listen to recitations and singing by the children.

—The Sunday School at Chelsea had its usual beautiful and impressive service on Children's Sunday, June 23d The church was finely trimmed. The pulpit was removed and a large cross of purple wisteria blossoms embedded in green was placed in the centre of the platform. About this were pyramids of flowers and green, with baskets and vases of flowers completing the altar decorations. Baskets of flowers were hung about the galleries, in front of the organ, with a harp and lyre On three sides were mottos in evergreen, "Suffer little children to come unto me—and forbid them not—for of such is the kingdom of heaven" After appropriate remarks by the pastor, sixteen little ones, mostly infants, were dedicated to God in baptism. While they were being brought to the altar, four little children grouped about the cross sung the beautiful carol, "Suffer little children to come unto me," which formed an impressive feature of the service.

—Children's Sunday was observed by the Salem Sunday School with finer and more beautiful effect than has ever before been attained upon a similar occasion, successful as all former efforts have proved. A large arch was thrown up forward of the pulpit and wreathed with folds of evergreen within which shelves were arranged for holding pots and vases of flowers. A number of pots of splendid meadow ferns were distributed within the enclosure, these alternating with glowing plants and flowers, formed together a fine arbor. Over the sweep of the arch was the motto, "Feed my Lambs." Suspended immediately above, hung a magnificent star of many colors. Upon the centre of the pulpit rested a very large cross equally brilliant, surmounted by a variegated crown. In front lay an embankment supporting a mass of rocks partially covered with moss and ferns, over these bubbled a crystal flow of water apparently gushing from a hidden spring, and hurled along into a huge sea shell, forming the baptismal font. This device, accompanied by the music of the rippling stream, and passing out of sight beneath a tiny pond filled with lilies, formed a most beautiful picture. A pyramid of graceful ferns rose on either side of the miniature brooklet, to the full width and height of the altar.

Rare and beautiful flowers were distributed in vases and hanging rustic baskets throughout the great church; these combined with heavy festoons of evergreen, and completed with an immense basket of gorgeous flowers suspended from the centre of the ceiling gave the finishing touch to a picture of floral splendor. The rite of dedication was administered to thirty of the younger members and lambs of the flock.

Emblems typical of some Scripture idea were presented by a dozen or more members of the school. Among these were the Changed Cross, a touching aud most beautiful symbol. The Crown, the Staff, the Trumpet, the Doves, the Lamp, the Bread, the Helmet, the Grass, the Roses, and by the infant class, which numbered *one hundred and four* in attendance, the Bible and the Lamb. With each presentation a sentiment was given by the pupil, and was immedietely responded to, in the same thought, by a few lines of an exquisitely rendered chant from a select quartette. All the services were upon an equal plane of attractiveness, and gave rare delight to the congregation that thronged the church.

The church was opened for a vesper service, thus affording an opportunity for many to see the devotions who could not gain admission in the morning. The occasion rounded out one of the brightest calender days of the school, as it called forth an address of peculiar beauty from the pastor, upon the religion of flowers, based upon the words of Christ concerning the lilies.

CONNECTICUT.

—"Rose Sunday" was celebrated at the Universalist church in Hartford in a very interesting and impressive manner. About twenty children were baptized, and the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Skinner, delivered an appropriate sermon from Luke, ninth chapter, 47th and 48th verses. At the conclusion of the christening, Mr. Skinner, in accordance with his usual pleasing custom, presented to each of the baptized little ones a fragrant rosebud. Excellent music was furnished at intervals by the choir, under the direction of Mr. S. T. Bissell, and the entire service was one of pleasure and profit. In the evening a creditable Sunday School concert was held, a large audience being present. Tue floral decorations were exceedingly tasteful and were greatly admired. Besides bouquets, pyramids, rustic stands filled with trailing vines, &c, there was a large and elegant star placed above and behind the pulpit, and said to be one of the richest floral pieces ever seen in this city. A touching feature was a memorial arch of beautiful flowers, bearing the names of Gracie and Mattie, and erected to the memory of Grace Barnes and Mattie Smith, two little ones who have died since their baptism a year ago There was also a very beautiful memorial bouquet, in memory of Frankie West, deceased.

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON XCIV.

CHRIST IN JERUSALEM.

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee."

SCRIPTURE,—Math. xxi. 33–46; Mark xii. 1–12; Luke xx. 9–19.

Question. — What parable did Jesus next address to the Pharisees?

Answer. — Math. xxi. 33.

Q. — After the husbandman had completely prepared the vineyard, what did he do?

A. — Math. xxi. 33.

Q. — When the time to receive his share of the product of the vineyard arrived, what did he do?

A. — Math. xxi. 33.

NOTE. It was customary for husbandmen who leased vineyards or farms to receive payment of rent in the produce of them. Even with us land is rented with the agreement to receive a certain portion of the products in payment of rent.

Q. — What did the husbandmen do to the owner's servants?

A. — Math. xxi. 35, 36.

NOTE. These servants represent the prophets whom God had sent to the Jewish people.

Q. — Whom did he at last send to them?

A. — Math. xxi. 37.

Q. — Why did he send him?

A. — Math. xxi. 37.

Q. — When the son came among them, what did the husbandmen say to one another?

A. — Math. xxi. 38.

Q. — What did they do to him?

A. — Math. xxi. 39.

Q. — What question did Jesus now ask the Pharisees?

A. — Math. xxi. 40.

Q. — What was the only reply they could make to it?

A. — Math. xxi. 41.

Q. — In accordance with their answer, what did Jesus say to them?

A. — Math. xxi. 43.

NOTE. The answer of the Pharisees was a condemnation of themselves. After his crucifixion, Christ turned to the Gentiles —the people who would bring fruit to God, the great Husbandman.

Q. — What should happen to him who should fall upon Christ, the stone?

A. — Math. xxi. 44.

Q. — What should be the fate of him upon whom the stone should fall?

A. — Math. xxi. 44.

NOTE. The lawful mode of stoning among the Jews was not by casting small stones. The person to be stoned was laid some twelve or fourteen feet beneath a scaffold or other elevation. A large stone was carried to the edge of this elevation and thrown or permitted to fall upon the criminal. Not unfrequently the stone used was as large as two men could carry.

Q. — When the priests and pharisees saw that the parable was spoken against them, what did they attempt to do?

A. — Math. xxi. 46.

NOTE. They attempted to do the very thing which they had condemned in the husbandmen. Christ uses severe means, when necessary, to establish his kingdom. But severely as he may wound, he wounds only to heal. And if the vineyard of the Lord was given to the Gentile nations, when the fullness of the Gentiles should come in, all Israel would be saved.

Anagram.

Dulhos ugo lefe dincilne ot rusenec
Ustalf ony amy ni roehts wive
Ska wray won pilee ree oyu reetvnu
Fi ttha sha ton iinalfsg oto.

Aunt Lettie.

Answer.

JUNE 29. Humility.

THE MYRTLE

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